

# THE SWORD OF THE LORD

## and of John R. Rice

"And they cried, The Sword of the Lord, and of Gideon." Judges 7:20.

An Independent Religious Weekly, Standing for the Verbal Inspiration of the Bible, the Deity of Christ, His Blood Atonement, Salvation by Faith, New Testament Soul Winning and the Premillennial Return of Christ. Opposes Sin, Modernism, and Denominational Overlordship

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Office: 207 So. Beckley St., Phone 6-6888

## Sermon at Brother P. B. Chenault's Funeral Heaven, It's Inhabitants

BY JOHN R. RICE (RECORDED MECHANICALLY); OTHERS TAKING PART WERE DR. W. H. HOUGHTON, PRESIDENT OF MOODY BIBLE INSTITUTE; DR. ROBT. KETCHAM; REV. WM. KUHNLE; REV. HAROLD STREET. PREACHED IN WALNUT STREET BAPTIST CHURCH, WATERLOO, IOWA, APRIL 4, 1939

I saw in a little bit of a church in Louisiana a marble plaque on a church wall which says, "Pray for the soul of Robert Martin. Died such and such a date. Age 16 years." Oh, I thought then when death comes it's too late to pray and I think now, thank God, we do not need to pray for the soul of P. B. Chenault. We are sad today but let's remember we are the only ones sad. They are not sad in heaven. We feel like we are desolate today, but they don't feel that way there. And P. B. doesn't feel that way. This isn't altogether a time of sorrow. This is not altogether a time of tears. There are some blessed lessons for us. You listen very prayerfully and I will try and speak to you as P. B. would, and give you his message again.

In the first place there are no accidents with God. Now we say this was a tragic accident. There are no accidents with God. That old father in Virginia may feel in a moment that this is a strange and sad day, and these brothers from Detroit, and all these members in this church may feel what I felt. I felt that if someone else had died, they wouldn't have been much missed, excepting by a few companions and of course their little families. But here is a man so greatly used of God, his life snuffed out, his ministry closed, and this great church left desolate. Yet I remind you again that we are Christians and that God has control. There are no accidents with God. I can say to you again today, "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." And I can say to you in the words of John 16:33, "These things have I spoken unto you that in me ye might have peace, in the world you shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

I thank God that there is comfort, there is glory. If there is for this little wife, there is for you, there is for this church, there is for the rest of this family, there is for the number of us who have been so desolated by friendship broken and a ministry ended, humanly speaking, (but not ended). We can say today, "Thank God there is comfort." You say, "Well, but P. B.'s work was not finished." You go back 1900 years

to a hill outside Jerusalem where one not as old as P. B. died, only 33, perhaps 34 years old, and He said, "It is finished," and with a loud cry He gave up the ghost. You say it was not finished? Jesus said it was! Oh, how they missed Him, the disciples were broken hearted. They said as they walked the road down to Emmaus, "Oh, we believed, we supposed — (they don't think so any more). We trusted, (they don't trust anymore). We thought that it was He who should redeem Israel but now He is dead and His body is in the grave, and our hope is blighted! But He ascended. Do you think God made a mistake when the ministry of our Lord and Saviour was brought to a finish and it seemed at the time that Satan won and the disciples met behind closed doors for fear? Do you think so? You say, "It is too bad, we needed him so much!" No more than they needed Stephen, a man full of faith and the Holy Ghost, and they took him out and stoned him and gnashed upon him with their teeth, and he looking up to heaven with a smile like the face of an angel, said, "Lord Jesus, I see you, receive my spirit, and lay not this sin to their charge."

James was beheaded with the sword, a young man I suppose no older than P. B. You don't know, then don't claim to know. Let us not speak on these matters as if we with our human appreciation had all the wisdom of God. God knows best. Thank God P. B.'s life was brought to a full rounded finish, and if you don't think so you don't know as well as God does. "He being dead, yet speaketh," and he rests from his labor but his works do follow him. God has his way. God hasn't been cheated by the plan of Satan at all. Let's say today, "Thank God it is well." It is well with P. B., and it is well with this good church. You look up into the face of God and say, "Thy will be done."

Oh, when Moses died the children of Israel said, "Moses is dead, what will we do?" God said, "As I was with Moses so will I be with Joshua," and, "Every place that your foot treads upon, that have I given you!" God didn't need Moses. He knows better than we!

Sometimes we act like heathens at funerals. We act like the thing

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### T. Myron Webb Broadcasting on Okla. Network

Readers of *The Sword of the Lord* in Oklahoma and surrounding territory will want to hear Rev. T. Myron Webb on a daily radio program broadcast over a chain of six stations in Oklahoma at 9:30 a.m. daily, except Sunday. The stations are: KCRC, Enid, 1360 kc.; KTOK, Oklahoma City, 1370 kc.; KOMA, Tulsa, 1310 kc.; KBIX, Muskogee, 1500 kc.; KGFF, Shawnee, 1420 kc.; and KADA, Ada, 1200 kc.

We give here a part of Brother Webb's letter as follows:

Dr. John R. Rice  
207 South Beckley Street  
Dallas, Texas.

"Dear Brother in Christ:

"Since writing you last, so many changes have taken place in our work here that my attention has been wholly occupied locally, and I have had little time to give proper attention to the work of my other fellow laborers in Christ. As you will note by the letterhead, God has wonderfully blessed in opening a great and effectual door, by providing a daily broadcast over the Oklahoma Network.

"I keenly feel my responsibility in this great work God has been pleased to give me. This network brings us in contact with a potential audience of four million. A great and mighty opportunity for thousands of souls to be saved."

### Friends Greatly Moved Over Chenault's Death

Many letters have come to the editor's desk, expressing their sorrow over the homegoing of our dearly beloved, Rev. P. B. Chenault. We take the liberty to print a part of some of the many letters here.

"After reading in your paper of April 7th of the death of Rev. P. B. Chenault, my attention was called to an incident that was connected with our Sunday morning service of April 2nd.

"I tried to preach the sermon that Brother Chenault preached and was published in your paper, on 'The Steps Which Led to Peter's Sin.'

"Never before was our congregation moved by such a message. We had that morning spiritual demonstrations that has not been equalled in all of the church history. One was added to the church.

"I am hoping that some day we will meet beyond this vale of tears, where highways are not infested with drunken drivers."

(Signed) J. L. C. (colored)  
Ennis, Texas.

"I always listened to his Gospel Hour Broadcast and though I have never seen him or his dear wife who plays the piano so beautifully, I believe I shall recognize his voice in heaven..."

(Signed) Mrs. C. J. R.  
Dubuque, Iowa.

"I just recently heard the sad news about Rev. P. B. Chenault from our neighboring city of Waterloo, Iowa."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 3)

(From the book, *Heaven*, by D. L. Moody. Published by Bible Institute Colportage Association. Price — 20c).

"The inhabitants shall not say, I am sick. The people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity" (Isaiah 33:34). The society of heaven will be select. No one who studies Scripture can doubt that. There are a good many kinds of aristocracy in this world, but the aristocracy of heaven will be the aristocracy of holiness. The humblest believer on earth will be an aristocrat there. It says in the 57th chapter of Isaiah: "For thus saith the High and Lofty One, that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit." Now what could be plainer than that? No one who is not of a contrite and humble spirit will dwell with God in His high and holy place.

If there is anything that ought to make heaven near to Christians, it is knowing that God and all their loved ones will be there. What is it that makes home so attractive? Is it because we have a beautiful home? Is it because we have beautiful lawns? Is it because we have beautiful trees around us? Is it because we have beautiful paintings upon the walls inside? Is it because we have beautiful furniture? Is it that all that makes home so attractive and beautiful? Nay, it is the loved ones in it: it is the loved ones there.

I remember after being away from home some time, I went back to see my honored mother, and I thought in going back I would take her by surprise, and steal in unexpectedly upon her, but when I found she had gone away, the old place didn't seem like home at all. I went into one room and then into another, and all through the house, but I could not find that loved mother, and I asked some member of the family, "Where is mother?" and they said she had gone away. Well, home had lost its charm to me; it was that mother who made home so sweet to me, and it is the loved ones who make home so sweet to every one; it is the presence of the loved ones that will make heaven so sweet to all of us. Christ is there; God, the Father, is there; and many, many who were dear to us when they lived on earth are there — and we shall be with them by and by.

We find clearly in the 18th chapter of Matthew, 10th verse, that the angels are there: "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven, their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

"Their angels do always behold the Father's face!" We shall have good company up there; not only those who have been redeemed, but those who have never been lost; those who have never known what it is to transgress; those who have never known what it is to be disobedient; who have obeyed Him from the very morning of creation.

It says in Luke I, when Gabriel came down to tell Zachariah that he was to be the father of the forerunner of Jesus Christ, Zachariah doubted him; he had never been doubted before; and that doubt is met with the declaration: "I am Gabriel, that standeth in the presence of God." What a glorious thing to be able to say!

It has been said that there will be three things which will surprise us when we get to heaven — one, to find many whom we did not expect to find there; another, to find some not there whom we had ex-

pected; a third, and perhaps the greatest wonder—to find ourselves there.

A poor woman once told Rowland Hill that the way to heaven was short, easy and simple; comprising only three steps — out of self, into Christ, and into glory. We have a shorter way now — out of self and into Christ, and we are there. As a dead man cannot inherit an estate, no more can a dead soul inherit heaven. The soul must be raised up in Christ. Among the good whom we hope to meet in heaven, we are told, there will be every variety of character, taste, and disposition. There is not one mansion there! there are many. There is not one gate to heaven, but many. There are not only three gates on the north; but on the east three gates, and on the west three gates, and on the south three gates. From opposite divisions of the theological compass, from opposing standpoints of the religious world, from different quarters of human life and character, through various expressions of their common faith and hope, through diverse modes of conversion, through

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### "20 Are Converted As Rice Delivers Chenault Sermon

"Noted Churchmen Take Part In Rites For Pastor"

The above headlines of an article printed Wednesday, April 5th in *The Waterloo Courier* of Waterloo, Iowa. The reporter did not know about eight other decisions for Christ in the basement service. Part of the article was as follows:

"In a dramatic departure from usual procedure, Dr. John R. Rice concluded his sermon at the funeral service for Rev. P. B. Chenault in Walnut Street Baptist Church Tuesday afternoon by asking all those in the audience who had not previously done so to accept Jesus Christ.

"About 20 persons rose from their seats in the large crowd and received the charge from Dr. Rice, pastor of Fundamental Baptist Tabernacle, Dallas, Texas, the church in which Rev. Mr. Chenault concluded an evangelistic campaign a few hours before he met death in an automobile crash last Saturday.

### Moody Head Speaks

"Prior to Dr. Rice's sermon, Dr. Will H. Houghton, president of Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, and Dr. Robert T. Ketcham, pastor of the Central Baptist Church, Gary, Indiana, paid tribute to the late Walnut Street pastor and told of their relations with him.

"Our brother's body is here because of the collapse of what we call civilization," said Dr. Houghton, referring to the alleged intoxicated condition of the driver of the car which collided with that driven by Rev. Mr. Chenault. "There isn't any conscience in America today — it is dead," he said.

"Dr. Houghton lauded Mrs. Chenault for her bravery since the accident, which took her husband's life and left her with a fractured collar bone and ankle..."

### Boards To Name Successor

"Officials of the Walnut Street Church said Wednesday a joint meeting of trustees and deacons would be held in the church next Wednesday evening to consider what arrangement will be made for

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## Sermon at Brother P. B. Chenault's Funeral

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

we have talked about all our lives is a lie! We act as though there is no heaven, no God! We talk about heaven as if it were lovely there, and then when a death comes, we act as if it was only an old people's home, a junk yard where people go when they can't live down here. Then we put them on the shelf and they go to heaven. We act like after while when they are poor, and they are shabby, and they are in the way of their children, and nobody much wants them, and then it's all right to take them to heaven! I remind you that when P. B. at one-thirty on Saturday morning entered heaven, (the angels carried him there!) he was met by a young friend, two years, I suppose, younger than P. B., the Lord Jesus Christ! He had nail scars in his hands and wounds in his feet and in his side, a young Man! Heaven is not an old people's home! There are blossoms just budding in heaven and the earth is not better than heaven. We ought to say today like Paul, "To die is gain." It's not loss. Heaven is not a place for you when you have drunk all the cup of earth, and then all is finished and you say, "Well, now, I've had the best, and now I'll take what is left." No, no! Happy those who are transferred early from earth to heaven. Then let us in our sadness rejoice. In our tears, let's smile and say, "I am a Christian, I know God's way is best."

And if the Lord Jesus comes today with that shout, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him," wouldn't we be ashamed of these wasted tears? I tell you my friends, this world is getting in mighty good condition for the Lord Jesus to come. If we look as we ought for the coming of the Saviour we will not be too much wrapped up on our sorrows and our losses here.

I would that today you would learn the secret this little woman (Mrs. Chenault, on stretcher behind screen) has. When I went into the hospital room the other morning and took her hand in mine, and my good wife and I together brought such comfort as we could, she said, "It's all right, God knows. He is with me." And later on in the morning my good wife sat by her side, and I began to put in long distance calls to notify loved ones. My wife whispered, "Are you asleep?" and Mildred (Mrs. Chenault) answered back, "No, I'm not asleep. I'm just rejoicing in the Lord."

We sang last night when we came into the pastor's home. She said, "Let's sing two verses of 'This So Sweet To Trust In Jesus.'" She sang the alto all the way through. I tell you, now is a good time to be a Christian, and say, "I am not afraid of death!" There is one who has conquered death, and now you who have all your lifetime sat in the fear and the bondage of death,

may say, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

This is not altogether a time for tears. They are not crying in heaven, why should we that are left? They are rejoicing in heaven!

Another lesson I call to your mind. Satan has the power over death, and Jesus died to destroy him that has the power of death, we are told in Hebrews 2:14. You know that Satan is like a roaring lion going about seeking whom he may devour. We wrestle not against flesh and blood but against principalities and powers and the rulers of darkness, Ephesians 6 tells us, and therefore we are to put on the whole armour of God, and pray with all prayer. Now I well know that Satan doesn't put anything over on God. I well know that God is still on the throne and the powers that be are ordained of God, but I know too, that Satan loves to strike at the shining mark of all those who are nearest to the Lord and true to Him. Did you ever wonder, as I have many times, why is it the wicked often prosper? David saw the wicked spread themselves like a green bay tree. Have you ever wondered why other men who do not believe the Bible, do not win souls as P. B. Chenault did, and yet they live on and prosper while he is suddenly taken? Satan hates God's true preachers! Satan picked out Job and God said, "Hast thou observed my servant, Job?" And Satan said, "Yes, I can fix him," and Satan always does attempt to ruin the people that God has chosen. I think Satan laughed at me the other night when P. B. was killed. But, I thank God, the last laugh is with God and all things work together for good. I know that's true. But, I have this feeling, that we ought to wall about all the men of God, all those souls that are lifted up to places of usefulness, with prayer. We ought to gird them about with unceasing prayer.

What about this great church here? Oh, we ought to wall it in with prayer! What a testimony you have, and I pray God you may keep it. I pray God your light may yet shine, and I say unceasing prayer ought to go up to God for you and for every man that preaches the Word, and that can win souls, and believes the Bible, and has the Spirit of Christ, the shining mark.

You remember that one day Benhadad, the King of Syria, said, "Fight not with small nor great, but only with the King of Israel." And so you need not be surprised that every man of God greatly used of God, has sorrow, accident, sickness, poverty, slander, or false friends. Others have had churches burned down. Others have disease and heartbreak. I have felt many times that Satan's demons were around me, I have felt their presence to tempt, to kill me, to destroy me! We ought to pray and so by the grace of God put a wall around the churches and servants of God with a clear testimony!

P. B.'s gone, P. B.'s gone, but is that all? His works do follow. If God took home Moses, He wanted a Joshua there. If God took Elijah, He wanted an Elisha. If God takes Stephen, He wants a Paul to carry on. I want today, oh, I feel so touched in my heart, that today there will be many here who will say, God helping me, I give myself this day, this holy day, to the ministry, I give myself today for the mission field, I give myself today to the separated life, to a crucified life, to surrender my own way to the will of God! And God helping me, there will be more souls saved now that P. B.'s in

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"I am very proud of your paper and it has been a real blessing to me. . . I have been a Christian for two years and have done what I could for Christ. I am a member of the local Baptist Church and I find your paper is so true to God's Word and I feel your books will be as true to God's Word."

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Perry, Michigan.

"I want to say again, one of your papers is worth the year's subscription."

Rev. F. H. C.  
Myrtle, Mississippi.

## HEAVEN —

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

different portions of the Holy Scripture, will the weary travelers enter the Heavenly City, and meet each other — "not without surprise" — on the shores of the same river of life. And on those shores they will find a tree bearing, not the same kind of fruit always and at all times, but "twelve manner of fruits," for every different turn of mind — for the patient sufferer, for the active servant, for the holy and humble philosopher, for the spirits of just men now at last made perfect; and "the leaves of the tree shall be for the healing," not of one single church or people only, not for the Scotchman or the Englishman only, but for the "healing of the nations" — the Frenchman, the German, the Italian, the Russians — for all those from whom it may be, in this world, its fruits have been farthest removed, but who, nevertheless, have "hungered and thirsted after righteousness," and who therefore "shall be filled."

An eminent living divine says: "When I was a boy, I thought of heaven as a great, shining city, with vast walls and domes and spires, and with nobody in it except white-robed angels, who were strangers to me. By and by my little brother died; and I thought of a great city with walls and domes and spires, and a flock of cold, unknown angels, and one little fellow that I was acquainted with. He was the only one I knew at that time. Then another brother died; and there were two that I knew. Then my acquaintances began to die; and the flock continually grew. But it was not till I had sent one of my little children to his Heavenly Parent — God — that I began to think I had a little in myself. A second went, a third went; a fourth went; and by that time I had so many acquaintances in heaven, that I did not see any more walls and domes and spires. I began to think of the residents of the celestial city as my friends. And now so many of my acquaintances have gone there, that it sometimes seems to me that I know more people in heaven than I do on earth."

### We Shall Live Forever

It says in John 12:26: "If any man serve Me, let him follow Me; and where I am, there shall also My servant be."

I cannot agree with some people, that Paul has been sleeping in the grave, and is still there, after the storms of eighteen hundred years. I cannot believe that he who loved the Master, who had such a burning zeal for Him, has been separated from Him in an unconscious state. "Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am; that they may behold My glory, which Thou hast given Me." This is Christ's prayer.

Now when a man believes on the Lord Jesus Christ, he receives eternal life. A great many people make a mistake right there; "He that believeth on the Son hath — h-a-t-h — hath eternal life;" it does not say he shall have it when he comes to die; it is in the present tense; it is mine now — if I believe it. It is the gift of God, that is enough. You cannot bury the gift of God; you cannot bury eternal life. All the grave-diggers in the world cannot dig a grave large enough and deep enough to hold eternal life; all the coffin-makers in the world cannot make a coffin large enough and strong enough to hold eternal life; it is mine; it is mine!

I believe when Paul said: "To be absent from the body and present with the Lord," he meant what he said; that he was not going to be separated from Him for eighteen hundred years; the spirit that was given him when he was converted he had from a new life and a new nature, and they could not lay that away in the sepulchre; they could not bury it, that flew to meet its Maker. Even the body shall be raised; this body, sown in dishonor, shall be raised in glory; this body which has known corruption, shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality. It is only a question of time. The great morning of the world will, by and by, dawn upon the earth, and the dead shall come forth and shall hear the voice of Him who is "the resurrection and the life."

Paul says: "If our earthly house

of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." He could take down the clay temple, and leave that, but he had a better house. He says in one place: "I am in a strait betwixt two: having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better; nevertheless to abide in the flesh is more needful for you." To me, it is a sweet thought to think that death does not separate us from the Master. A great many people are living continually in the bondage of death, but if I have eternal life, death cannot touch that; it may touch the house I live in, it may change my countenance and send my body away to the grave, but it cannot touch this new life.

To me it is very sad to think that so many professed Christians look upon death as they do. I received some time ago a letter from a friend in London, and I thought, as I read it, I would take it and show it to other people and see if I could not get them to look upon death as this friend does. He had lost his beloved mother. In England it is a very common thing to send out cards in memory of the departed ones, and they put upon them great borders of black — sometimes a quarter of an inch of black border — but this friend had

put on a gold border; he did not put on black at all; his mother had gone to the golden city, and so he put on a golden border; and I think it a good deal better than black. I think when our friends die, instead of putting a great black border upon our memorials to make them look dark, it would be better for us to put on gold.

It is not death at all; it is life. Someone said to a person dying: "Well, you are in the land of the living yet." "No," said he, "I am in the land of the dying yet, but I am going to the land of the living; they live there and never die." This is the land of sin and death and tears, but up yonder they never die. It is perpetual life; it is

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## Midway Cleaners New Home

The Midway Cleaners have moved to 109 West Jefferson Street. Their new home provides ample room for the new cleaning equipment they have recently installed. Mr. Chappell has been in the cleaning and pressing business for 14 years and a number of years have been spent in Oak Cliff. Friends and readers of *The Sword of the Lord* are invited to patronize this friend of the paper.

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## The Power of Christian Fiction



PAUL HUTCHENS, the evangelist turned story-teller through the intervention of God's hand, now is working on his tenth novel, to be published later this year. His ninth, *WINDBLOWN*, just announced, follows a string of eight unbroken successes, the popularity of which has brought the number of Hutchens' books in circulation to 100,000 copies. Now he is known as the peer of American Christian fiction writers.

It is an amazing accomplishment that all these books have been written in the space of five years, but more wonderful still is the fact that most of them were written while Hutchens was on his sick-bed, suffering from that dread malady, tuberculosis.

Now, all wrapped up in writing his tenth novel, he is enjoying his work more than ever before — because he is at heart, first, last and all the time, the evangelist. Says he, "I feel encouraged to know that I can still preach the Gospel, and that souls are saved through the stories the Lord allows me to write." Yes, Paul Hutchens can even say, "I'm glad I had tuberculosis," for through it God led him to discover his talent, that he might use it for God's glory.

Hutchens' impressive string of novels now includes: *Windblown*, *Mastering Marcus*, *Yesterday's Rain*, *This Is Life*, *The Voice*, *A Song Forever*, *The Last First*, *This Way Out*, and *Romance of Fire*, his first, which is now in its twelfth edition. All are published by the William B. Eerdmans Publishing Co., of Grand Rapids, Mich., and available at \$1.00 each, postpaid.

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### THE SWORD OF THE LORD and of John R. Rice

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## HEAVEN —

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unceasing joy.

"It is a glorious thing to die." was the testimony of Hannah Moore on her death-bed, though her life had been sown thick with the rarest friendships, and age had not so weakened her memory as to cause her to forget those little hamlets among the cliffs of her native hills, or the mission-schools she had with such perseverance established, and where she would be so sadly missed.

As James Montgomery has said:

"There is a soft, a downy bed;  
'Tis fair as breath of even;  
A couch for weary mortals aching  
Where they may rest the aching  
head,  
And find repose — in heaven!"

"There is an hour of peaceful rest,  
To mourning wanderers given.  
There is a joy for souls distressed,  
A balm for every wounded breast,  
'Tis found alone — in heaven!"

## Knowing Our Friends

Many are anxious to know if they will recognize friends in heaven. In the 8th chapter of Matthew and the 11th verse, we read: "And I say unto you, that many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven."

Here we find that Abraham, who lived so many hundreds of years before Christ, had not lost his identity, and Christ tells us that the time is coming when they shall come from the east and west and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of God. These men had not lost their identity; they were known as Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. And if you will turn to that wonderful scene that took place on the Mount of Transfiguration, you will find that Moses, who had been gone from the earth 1,500 years, was there; Peter, James and John saw him on the Mount of Transfiguration; they saw him as Moses; he had not lost his name. Christ says of him that overcometh, "I will not blot your names out of the Lamb's Book of Life." We have names in heaven; we are going to bear our names there; we will be known.

Over in the Psalms it says: "I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness." That is enough. *Want* is written on every human heart down here, but there we shall be satisfied. You may hunt the world from one end to the other, and you will not find a man or woman who is satisfied; but in heaven we shall want for nothing. In the second chapter of the First Epistle of John, we read these words addressed to followers of Christ:

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is."

"And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as He is pure."

Moreover, it seems highly probable, indeed I think it is clearly taught by Scripture, that a great many careless Christians will get into heaven. There will be a great many who will get in 'by the skin of their teeth,' or as Lot was saved from Sodom, "so as by fire." They will barely get in, but there will be no crown of rejoicing. But *everybody* is not going to rush into heaven. There are a great many who will *not* be there. You know we have a class of people who tell us they are going into the kingdom of God whether they are converted or not. They tell us that they are on their way; that they are going there. They tell us all are going there; that the good, the bad and indifferent are all going into the kingdom, and that they will all be there; that there is no difference; and, in other words — if I may be allowed to use plain language — they give God the lie.

But they say, "We believe in the mercy of God;" so do I. I believe in the justice of God, too; and I think heaven would be a good deal worse than this earth if unrenewed men were permitted to form part of it.

Why, if a man should live forever in this world in sin, what would become of this world? It

seems as if it would be *hell itself*. Let your mind pass over the history of this country, and think of some who have lived in it. Suppose they should never die; suppose they should live on and on forever in sin and rebellion; do you think that God is going to take those men who have rejected His Son, who have spurned the offer of His mercy, who have refused salvation, and have trampled His law under their feet, and have been in rebellion against His laws down here? Do you suppose God is going to take them right into His Kingdom and let them live there forever? By no means.

## No Drunkards In Heaven

"Be not deceived . . . nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God."

"No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." Now let those mothers who have sons who are just commencing a dissipated life, wake up; and rest not day nor night until their boys are converted by the power of God's grace, because *no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God*. Many of these moderate drinkers will become drunkards; no man ever became a drunkard all at once. How the devil binds these moderate drinkers! I do not know of any sin more binding than the sin of intemperance; the man is bound hand and foot before he knows it.

I was reading some time ago an account of snake-worshipping in India. I thought it was a horrible thing. I read of a mother who saw a snake come into her home and coil itself around her little infant only six months old, and she thought the reptile was such a sacred thing that she did not dare to touch it; and she saw the snake destroy her child; she heard the child's pitiful cries, but dared not rescue it. My soul revolted as I read the narrative. But I do not know but we have things right here in America that are just as bad as that serpent in India — serpents that are coming into many a Christian home, and coiling around many a son and binding them hand and foot, and the fathers and mothers seem to be asleep.

Oh, may the Spirit of God wake us up! No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God; nor rum-seller either. Bear that in mind. "Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips." I pity any professing Christians who rent their property for drinking saloons; I pity them from the depths of my heart. If you ever expect to inherit the kingdom of God, give it up. If you can never rent your property to better purposes you had better let it stand empty. This idea that all is going well, and that all are going into the kingdom of God, whether they repent or not, is not taught anywhere in the Scripture.

There will be no extortioners in heaven; none of those men who are taking advantage of their brothers; of those men who have been unfortunate, whose families are sick; who have had to mortgage their property, and had snap-judgment taken against them by some man who has his hand at their throats, and takes every cent that he can get. That man is an extortioner. He shall not inherit the kingdom of God. I pity a man who gets money dishonestly. See the trouble he has to keep it. It is sure to be scattered. If you got it dishonestly you cannot keep it; your children can't keep it — they have not the power. You see that all over the country. A man who gets a dollar dishonestly, had better make restitution and pay it back very quickly, or it will burn his pocket.

## Some Will Not Get In

In the days of Noah we read that he sailed over the deluge. He was the only righteous man, but according to the theory of some people, the rest of those men who were so foul and so wicked — too wicked to live — God took them and swept them all into heaven, and left the only righteous man to go through this trial. Drunkards, and thieves and vagabonds all went to heaven, they say. You might as well go forward and preach that "you can swear as much as you like, and murder as much as you please, and it will come out right — that God will forgive you; God is so merciful."

Suppose the Governor of a state

Friends Moved Over  
Chenault's Death

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

erloo. It is sad, but God willed it that way, so it is for the best." (Signed) M. N. S.

Decorah, Iowa.

"Just a few lines of sympathy in the sudden death of our Bro. Chenault. It was such a shock to us, and as I wondered why, a verse came to me which has been a special comfort to me in times past, 'Even so, Father, for it seemed good in thy sight' (Matt. 11:26). We were so sorry to hear about it but we again think of Romans 8:28 and many other Scriptures."

(Signed) Mrs. L. W. Floris, Iowa.

"I have just read in the daily papers of the death of Dr. Chenault. Who will take his place of great usefulness?"

(Signed) H. S. Gibson, Iowa.

"Truly his going is indeed a great loss to this world, but makes Heaven mean that another precious one of God's is there for us to look forward to meeting when Jesus comes to claim His own. May God wonderfully sustain the sorrowing ones in their hour of trial. We were so glad to hear how Mrs. Chenault had such peace as only God can give."

(Signed) Miss J. M. Uehling, Nebraska.

"I want to tell you how much I appreciated your radio talk over WMT concerning Rev. Chenault. We were relieved to hear the details of how it happened. Otherwise, Mr. Cedarholm might have

should pardon every person that the courts ever convicted, and are now lying in its jails and penitentiaries; suppose he should let them all loose because he is so merciful that he could not bear to have men punished; I think he would not be Governor of that state long. These men who are talking about God being so full of mercy, that He is going to spare, and take all men to heaven, would be the very men to say that such a Governor as that ought to be impeached—that he ought not to be Governor. Let us bear in mind that the Scripture says there is a certain class of people who *"shall not inherit the kingdom of God."* Now, I will give you the Scripture; it is a good deal better to just give the Scripture for these things, and then if you do not like it you can quarrel with Scripture, and not with me. Let no man say that I have been saying who is going to heaven and who is not; I will let the Scripture speak for itself: "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God?" (I Cor. 6:9).

But the unrighteous — the adulterers, the fornicators and thieves — these men may all inherit it if they will only turn away from their sins. "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts;" but if the unrighteous man says: "I will not turn away from sin; I will hold on to sin and have heaven," he is deceiving himself.

A man who steals my pocket-book loses a good deal more than I do. I can afford to let him have my pocket-book a great deal better than he can afford to take it. See how much that man who steals my pocket-book loses. Perhaps he may get a few dollars; or he may steal my coat; but he does not get much. See how much he has lost. Take an inventory of what that man loses if he loses heaven. Think of it. No thief shall inherit the kingdom of God. To any thief I would say: "Steal no more." Let him ask God to forgive him; let him repent of his sin and turn to God. If you get eternal life it is worth more than the whole world. If you were to steal the whole world, you would not get much, after all. The whole world does not amount to much, if you have not eternal life with it, to enjoy yourself in the future.

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been deluged with letters. Though I had never met Mrs. Chenault, I have written her a letter. I, too, am a Moody graduate and I lost my husband. I felt that we had much in common and trust that God directed my pen.

"What a blessing you were to Mrs. Chenault, you will never know. I doubt not but that scores feel as you do about wanting to share the burdens Mr. Chenault laid down. I am sure I do."

(Signed) Mrs. C. C. Busnell, Illinois.

"We do believe that our brother's death is going to glorify our Lord, that many souls are going to be saved in Waterloo and Dallas."

"How my heart rejoiced, Brother Rice, when I heard you announce over the air that twenty-four or twenty-five raised their hands accepting our Lord as their Lord and Saviour during our brother's funeral service. My prayer was that there would be. What a wonderful Saviour we have."

"We looked forward in seeing our brother here in Kewanee at the tabernacle, but our dear Lord had other plans for him."

(Signed) Mr. and Mrs. E. H. E. and Sonny Kewanee, Illinois.

"I am visiting at Webster City, Iowa, and I heard you this morning tell of the death of our dear Brother Chenault. It was such a shock to me when I heard that he got killed. It seemed as though my heart was broken. Every Sunday afternoon he has been such a blessing. I am so glad we have a Saviour who does all things well."

(Signed) Mrs. C. G. Rochester, Minnesota.

"As I look on the wrapper of my *Sword of the Lord* I find that my subscription to this wonderful weekly paper will expire in a few days. I am an afflicted twenty-three year old boy and my father is dead. Only mother and myself live alone and we are poor as far as the material things of this world is concerned . . . Through the kindness of a friend whom I do not know personally, I have received *The Sword of the Lord* weekly for a year but I find that my subscription is about out. I am not able to pay for it but if you could have it sent on to me I would appreciate it so much. Its weekly messages bring peace and comfort to my soul each week . . . I desire to learn more about Him each day I live and it is my desire to draw closer to Him each day I live. I am not able to be in the services of the Lord much but good messages like *The Sword of the Lord* are a great source of help to me and I don't want to miss a single copy of it. Oh, how much I would miss it if it quit coming to me. Can you keep it coming on to me another year? Words cannot describe how much its weekly messages are to me, but Jesus knows. I always look forward to it each week and can hardly wait for it. The reason I'm writing before my subscription runs out is

"20 Are Converted  
As Rice Delivers  
Chenault's Sermon"

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

naming a successor to Rev. Mr. Chenault.

"John Burns, 45, Dallas, Texas, driver of the other car in the collision which caused Rev. Mr. Chenault's death, is being held in the Hunt County jail at Greenville, Texas, in lieu of \$6,000 bond, according to word received here Wednesday."

"Bond was set at \$5,000 on a murder charge and at \$1,000 on a charge of driving while intoxicated."

"Feland Montgomery, also of Dallas, who was riding with Burns, was released on \$50 bond, on a charge of intoxication."

"Rev. Mr. Chenault, pastor of Walnut Street Baptist Church here, was killed when his automobile and that of Burns collided at 1:30 a.m. Saturday, seven miles south of McKinney, Texas."

Many pastors from outside Waterloo attended the service.

because I do not want to miss a single copy, if possible . . ."

E. E. Nashville, Georgia.

"Christmas, 1938"

"Dear Brother Rice: 'You never will know exactly what your campaign for Christ in Waterloo last summer did to my heart and life. Through it Christ has entered and changed my heart and life completely. Last year at this time I was backslidden and away from Christ. But praise the Lord that has all been changed and my life from now on belongs to Him. It was certainly the Holy Spirit that spoke to me through the Family Altar Broadcast and your preaching and led me out to the tent. I have been going to Burton Avenue Baptist ever since, and am satisfied."

"Just another of your many happy converts through your campaign in Waterloo last summer, I am,

"Your sister in Christ,  
"Mrs. G. H."

## CRITICISM

He who fears criticism is hopeless. Only those who do things are criticised. The idler is lost sight of in the march of events, but the doer is watched and criticized. To hesitate for fear of criticism loses the battle, while the doers march on to victory and triumphs.

If your cause is right, be not afraid of criticism. Advocate it, expound it; and, if need be, fight for it. Critics always have been and always will be, but to the strong-minded they are a help rather than a hindrance. As the horse spurts forward when prodded with the spur, so the doers forge ahead under the lash of criticism. Stand for that which is good. Be a doer, not a drone. Look the world in the face and let the critics criticize.

— Thomas Jefferson.

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## Sermon at Brother P. B. Chenault's Funeral

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2)

heaven than there were with him here on earth. It ought to be so!

I'd like to take Brother Chenault's place in every way that I could. I thought of this great church, and I left other engagements that I might comfort you somehow. They sometimes say to us preachers, "You don't take time for rest, and you drive too fast, and you pile up too many engagements, and you won't take a vacation." But who knows, we may not live long, and God helping me I'll be a burning and a shining light for the Lord Jesus. If we take up his work of soul winning, it will be with P. B. like it was at the death of Samson, who slew more in his death than in his life. I wonder today if there is somebody here who has been dawdling along, frittering away your life. Won't you say today, "I hear that call, oh God, I've denied you and I've turned away from you, but today I'll take up my cross, I'll get in my harness." There ought to be a string of young people turned toward Moody and candidates for the Mission Board, and young preachers who will say, "God helping me, I'll study like P. B. did, and I'll work, and sacrifice." He had good jobs and he gave them up for Jesus Christ.

There may be some here who have turned your back and set your sail to the modern gale, away from the Bible. There may be some preachers here who in your early ministry, had your dream of a crucified Saviour and the fundamentals of the faith for which you thought you would die, but there were friends, and there was pressure, and pleasures, and the family, and you lost your fire and the Spirit of God departed from you! Today do you want to say, "Oh God, I come back today until upon me there be a breath of heaven, until there be a fire upon me from heaven for Jesus Christ!" There ought to be those today who will say, "I'll take Brother Chenault's place, and I'll close in the ranks." May God grant it.

I come to the closing word and that is this, sinner, be saved today! The last message our brother gave was on this theme from Hebrews 3:7: "Today, the Holy Ghost saith today." Men don't say today, but the Holy Ghost saith today, "today, if you will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." Proverbs 27:1 says, "Boast not thyself of tomorrow," the Holy Spirit says today, it is always the devil that says tomorrow. The passage read by Mr. Street said, "We ought to give the more earnest heed to the things we have heard lest at any time we should let them slip," and "How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation?"

Perhaps there is some sinner here today and you have been touched by the preaching of this man of God. You heard him on the radio, didn't you; you heard him in this auditorium, but you hardened your heart and said, "I will, but not now." You said, "I'll do that when I settle down, I'll do that when I have a convenient season," but you didn't do it. Let it be "P. B." speaking, this is what he wanted me to say, that is what this church wants me to say, I know. I wonder if there are not sinners here who will say, "today," not tomorrow, but "Today I will hear the call Brother Chenault made." This mouth is now closed, his lips will not speak any more — here is this body until Jesus comes in the resurrection, yet he calls you today. I wonder if you wouldn't say today, "I'll do it today!" Your heart is tender now. While it is tender I'd turn to God for mercy and forgiveness. Dear "P. B." is dead. My friend, you had better turn before all who love you are dead. There are some here today who will wait until your mother is gone, and you have no one to plead with you. You will wait until that good wife finally leaves you or until she is gone. You will wait until that little bit of a baby God gave you, is gone. So soft are those little hands and yet they bind like bands of steel. Don't wait until these holy impulses are gone, and your hope is gone. Today now while your heart is tender and while you are moved by the fact that death does come suddenly, shockingly, on those unprepared, it may be, as well as on this man who was well prepared. I

say you had better do it today. Here this man went away with a happy smile saying, "Good-bye, John." I said, "Good-bye, P. B. Write me how you get along in Illinois." He said, "I will, pray for me." We loaded the car, put the baby on a little bed in the back, and they went away smiling. Death was so unexpected!

Somehow there was something about P. B., not only distinction of mind and brilliant judgment, but there was a childlikeness about him; there never was sophistication. I suppose you say if he were back, you would be saved, but God says, "Though one should rise from the dead you would not hear him." I tell you, my friends, God's voice speaks to you today and you had better hear it. And I say what I know P. B. would want me to say, what he did say three hours before he went out to meet God. What he said, I say to you; you had better do it now! He wept more that night than he usually weeps, and as he wept he said, "Every night I have been here and I have preached and I have said in the back of my mind, maybe they will come tomorrow night, maybe they will come tomorrow night. I have said that ever since I've preached when some didn't come. Tonight I close this message and I say to you now, I have no hope that I can ever win you unless I do it tonight." He said, "Don't say you'll wait until Sunday when Brother Rice preaches, don't wait and say I'll be saved tomorrow, do it today, today, today is God's time, the Holy Ghost saith today." And what he said and what God says, I say to you, if you have ever been moved by the Spirit of God then today say, "Yes, Lord Jesus."

A man said to me once, "Oh, Bro. Rice, if I ever again feel the call of God as I did when I was a boy about fourteen or fifteen, I'll go." He said, "I trembled, I had to hold to the seat to keep from going down to accept Christ as Saviour." Oh, he said, "If that ever comes again, Brother Rice, I am going to give in. I will if ever again I hear the call like that." I said, "Man, don't wait for it, you will never hear it again. You have trampled under feet the mercies of God, you have hardened your heart, and it's very rare that God's mercy would ever shake you again." This day hear His voice, harden not your heart anymore. I beg you today, today, turn and be saved. Will you bow your heads with me for a moment? I wonder who here will say, "Brother Rice, pray for me." (Many held hands for prayer. Later about 25 stood to confess Christ; 8 in the basement listening over loud speakers, about 17 in the main auditorium).

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